

CHARIVARIA.

INDIGNATION has been caused in the British Colony at Tangier by a notice published by the Consulate that the British Government cannot in future ransom anyone captured by brigands—the money, it is presumed, being required for Old Age Pensions. Several important kidnappings have in consequence had to be indefinitely held over.

In the course of a report to the Colonial Office the Resident of Borgu Province, Nigeria, mentions that the Chief Kokafu is said to have attained the age of 205, and his son that of 157. "There is a general opinion," the Resident says, "that the average duration of life in the province is decreasing unaccountably." Probably as the result of missionary efforts, the people are becoming more truthful.

Torpedo-boats Nos. 074 and 071 of the Medway flotilla are said to have collided while carrying out night exercises in the North Sea. No. 074 was slightly damaged on the port side, but the other was uninjured. This raises the interesting point: Did they both collide, or only one of them?

"Mr. ASQUITH," says Lord TWEEDMOUTH, "is determined to maintain the British Navy, its personnel, its ships, its armaments, and its works in high efficiency." So much for those who alleged that the new Premier was in favour of fostering better relations with Germany!

There is, we suppose, nothing like being thorough. In view of the threatened Licensing Act the mayor and chief residents of Burton-on-Trent have decided not to hold the usual lifeboat demonstration this year. They will have nothing to do with anything associated with water.

Several persons living in North Westmeath claim to have seen a lep-

rechaun recently, and it is now proposed that the provisions of the Licensing Bill shall be made to extend to Ireland.

At a meeting of the Mitcham Parish Council a letter was read from the Surrey Territorial Association asking the Council to induce their employes to join the Territorial Army, but it was pointed out that the Council's only employe was a gravedigger. It is thought that the Army Council will now suggest that he will be a capital fellow for making entrenchments.

POOR SHAKESPEARE! Coming out of His Majesty's Theatre after the re-

made an honorary Old Master. Burglars have stolen a picture of his from the Wellington Art Gallery.

The practice of amateur Oratorio Choirs visiting gaols is increasing, and in one instance several prisoners are said to have objected on the ground that it was not included in their sentence.

The New York correspondent of *The Express* sends an account of a young woman who, having never spoken to a man until she was twenty-nine years of age, married the first man she met. We have often wondered how some men were able to get married.



Maud (counting Ethel's fruit stones). "So I see you're going to marry a poor man, Ethel." Ethel. "I'm not. 'Cos I've got an apothecary in my mouth!"

vival of *The Merry Wives* a playgoer was heard to remark that he much preferred "the same author's *Merry Widow*."

The cablegram received by Mrs. LANGTRY some time ago, announcing that a silver mine had been found on an estate purchased by her in America, has turned out to be a hoax. It only remains to hope now that her new play, in spite of appearances to the contrary, may turn out to be a gold mine.

Mr. G. A. STOREY, A.R.A., having stated that a portrait painted by a stupid person will make the sitter look stupid, several stupid painters write to deny that this is so.

And Mr. B. W. LEADER has been

Two hundred women employed by a firm of hatters at South Norwalk, Connecticut, recently went on strike because their employers wanted to know their ages in order to promote the three oldest to the position of inspectors. It is now, we hear, intended to appoint the three who look the oldest, and more trouble is feared.

At a time when no one seems to have a good word for the house-breaker it seems only fair to re-

cord the fact that a party of burglars who made their way into a vicarage last week left untouched a number of valuable sermons—and this in an age which is certainly not distinguished by reverence.

Dr. ROMME's theory, published in *La Revue*, to the effect that by a law of nature a child takes its sex from the weaker and not the stronger of its parents is not meeting with general acceptance among fathers of families of boys.

The crumb of comfort! The first cab left the rank, and the other horse-cabs moved up automatically. "Yah!" shouted one of their drivers, "Show me the motor-cab that'll do that!"

DICTATION.

SCENE—A room. *He, with his arm in a sling, is pacing up and down the floor. She is sitting at a writing-table.*

He. Are you ready?

She. Quite ready.

He. Just read over that bit we managed to do yesterday. I forget how it went.

She (reading aloud). "As he heard these awful words, Julian sprang to his feet. A violent flush overspread his face, and in accents that bore testimony to the tumult of his feelings, he muttered between his clenched teeth—" *(She stops reading.)*

He. Well, go on.

She. There's nothing to go on with. You said you'd think it out.

He (testily). Oh, come, I'm quite certain I dictated more than that. I remember it quite well.

She (calmly). If you remember it quite well, you can do it again. I'm waiting.

He. Say the last word again.

She. "Teeth."

He. Give me the word before that.

She. "Clenched."

He (meditatively). Clenched teeth? Clenched teeth? What did he clench his teeth for?

She. I haven't a ghost of an idea. You said his teeth were clenched, and you ought to know why he got them into this condition. I'm not responsible for his goings-on.

He. There you go! You've driven it all out of my head again. I wish you'd stop talking and let me think.

She. Yes, do. *(A pause.)*

He. I wish you'd read over the whole of the last bit again.

(She does so in a highly dramatic manner.)

He. How can a chap be expected to think if you read like that? One would imagine you had an idea you could do it better yourself!

She. So I could, and so could any of the children. Shall I send for one of them?

He. Oh, do keep quiet. *(Passes his left hand wildly through his hair.)* Got it! Are you ready?

She (scornfully). Yes; have been for half-an-hour.

He (dictating). Inverted commas, please—

She (after writing). I should think he might have said that without clenching his teeth.

He (stony). Would you mind reading what you've written?

She (cheerfully). Not a bit. *(Reads.)* "And in accents that bore testimony to the tumult of his feelings, he muttered between his clenched teeth, 'inverted commas, please.'" Go on, do.

He (in a freezing tone). Have you written that?

She (pleasantly). Yes, dear, written every word of it. It sounds most awfully mysterious and exciting. Do get on quickly with it.

He (wildly apostrophising the universe). Great Heavens! Here's a woman who actually doesn't know about inverted commas.

She. Oh, yes, dear, I do. They are those funny little twiddly things that they print in books when they quote poetry.

He (in a tone of profound melancholy). Quite right, darling, quite right. That'll do for this morning. I'm most awfully obliged to you for helping me so much.

(Scene closes.)

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

OXFORD MEMORIES.

Oh, in the day when Folly decked my brows,
And prescient manhood bloomed upon my cheek;
When I combined a genius for carouse
With Socialism and the bards in Greek;
When that first "fancy knitted" oriflamme
Of freshness lent my limbs a suppler grace;
When I evinced a taste for epigram
And hung a "Captain WARREN" in my face;

When in an atmosphere of Gothic age,
Fixed seats and sporting prints and BERNARD SHAW,
I throve on picnics, port and persiflage,
Drank Audit ale and took a "third" in Law,
I little dreamed how soon would come a time
When I should be collecting outlawed bills,
Preparing leases and defending crime,
In far-off townships under alien hills.

I was immortal then; inured to Art,
And dandled on the lap of every Muse,
I pored on HAMERTON in groves apart,
Derided MILL and scoffed at NIETZSCHE'S views.
PATER was mine, and SYMONDS; MATTHEW A.,
RUSKIN and MORRIS held me in their thrall;
I babbled BRAHMS with men of kindred clay,
And sat out ELGAR in the Balliol Hall.

And there were days when, straining at the oar,
I stapped my vitals for the College weal;
Stroked (with consummate pride) a "junior four,"
And ate raw beef at every other meal.
And there were moments, birthday wines and bump
Suppers when, pledged to woo the vinous god,
I haled the College porter to the pump
And lit a bonfire in the chapel quad.

But now—Ye Gods! can I be that same youth
That down the classic Cher was used to roam,
Pressing the search for elegance and truth,
Aided by frequent subsidies from home?
Am I that youth whose cynicisms wrung
Æsthetic coteries' approving smiles;
Round whose Apolline limbs sublimely clung
Distinguished raiment in the latest styles?

Here in a ten-floor office block I ply
The small attorney's inexpensive trade;
No fires of inspiration light this eye,
My speech is terse, my costume ready-made.
Codes of absurd procedure hold in check
A soul once intimate with all the bards;
I pour the shameless cocktail down my neck,
Start work at eight and spend the night at cards.

Briefly from Intellect's essential springs,
A cultured exquisite, I quaff no more,
But toil, the victim of material things,
A seedy exile on an alien shore.
I don't repine; but oftentimes in the sad
Long sleepless hours I murmur, "Would that I
Were once again the careless undergrad,
That trickled blithely down the dear old 'High.'"
ALGOL.

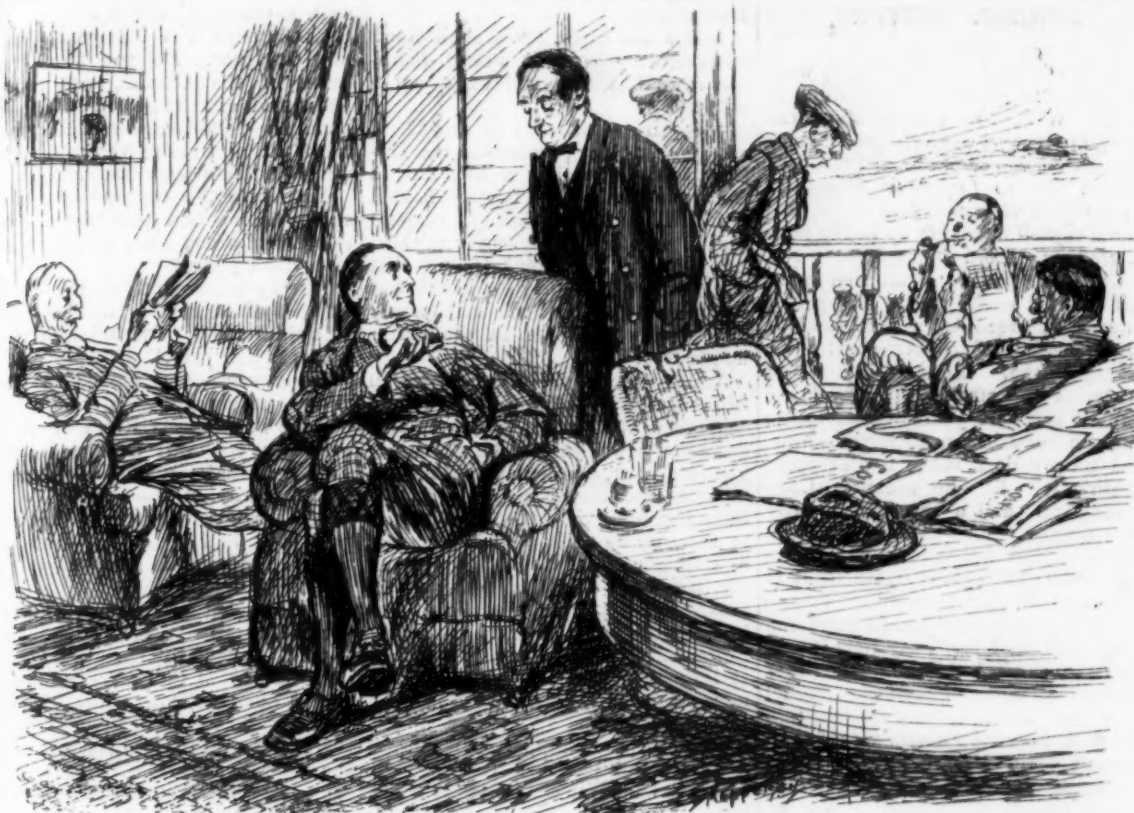
In the Navy Estimates for 1908-9, the following item occurs:

"Funerals by contract or agreement (including coffins) . . . chapel allowances, carting rubbish, amusements of Lunatics at Yarmouth, and other small expenses."



A COMMON GRIEF.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. BORN 1836. DIED 1903.



Club Member. "WAITER, PLEASE BRING ME PUNCH."

Privileged Waiter. "I'M VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT ALL THE PUNCHES ARE ENGAGED. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE 'COMPLAINT-BOOK'—THERE ARE SOME VERY GOOD JOKES IN THAT."

FROM MANXLAND TO SPHINX-LAND.

THE NAMELESS ONE IN EGYPT.

A BALD and jejune paragraph in *The Daily Mail* recites the bare facts that the Nameless One has recently spent three months in Egypt studying and mixing with the people, that he received the warmest hospitality from all the inhabitants, and that a crowd of Egyptian students bade him farewell at the railway station at Cairo.

We are glad to be able to supplement this meagre statement with some interesting details communicated by a trustworthy correspondent on the spot.

It appears that the Nameless One, who has long been profoundly interested in Egyptology, has made a complete and exhaustive trip through Upper and Lower Egypt.

Wherever he went he was greeted with showers of scarabs, *wakfs*, and other indigenous and honorific comestibles.

Seventeen of the finest and most highly-mettled donkeys at the Pyra-

mids have been called "John Storm" in honour of the novelist.

An enterprising firm of Coptic publishers are arranging to issue a magnificent *édition de Luxor* of all his novels.

The KHEDIVE is asserted to have expressed the wish that His Three-legged Nibs should take up his residence permanently in Egypt, and to have offered him free quarters in the Pyramid of Cheops.

The Nameless One is alleged to have made the astounding discovery that Pasht (the sacred cat of ancient Egypt) was of Manx breed.

While journeying up the Nile one of his suite shot a quail, on which the famous fictionist sadly remarked, "*Sic transit Gloria!*"

"At a quarter before four o'clock the Rev. E. D. heard noses in his house."—*The People*.
No wonder, in this weather.

A photographer in Victoria, B.C., has the following advertisement:—

IF YOU HAVE BEAUTY, I TAKE IT;
IF YOU HAVE NONE, I MAKE IT.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War."

"The engines began moving before the ropes were got on board, and a hawser got entangled in the port wheel. The captain tried to disentangle it by going astern, but was afraid to continue for fear of bringing down the scala. He therefore gave orders to cut the rope, but there was nothing on board to cut it with. So he again gave orders to go ahead and succeeded in breaking the rope, but at the same time the paddle wheel went to pieces. Captain Themistocli who remained perfectly cool then gave orders to let go the anchor, but after a long search the sailors reported there was no anchor or chain. The captain then decided that the only thing that remained was to put the ship ashore, and this time was quite successful, after the steamer had struck and demolished a bath house."

The Levant Herald.

On the Brain.

The Irish Times reports Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS as follows:—

"Mr. Churchill knew that the will of the people of this country was in accord with the House of Lords, and like the immortal Beer Tax, he preferred to lie low on the subject."

At this rate the immortal Tar Baby will become Tariff Rabies.

LONDON LETTERS.

III.

DEAR CHARLES,—Do you truly want me to recommend you something to read? Well, why not try the serial story in some ha'penny paper? There you get a glimpse of the real thing. I turned idly to *Lepers in Israel* (or whatever it is called) last night, and found myself suddenly up to the neck in tragedy. *Lord Billingham*. . .

CHARLES, you're a married man, tell me if it really is so. The gentle *Pamela* is urged by a cruel mother to espouse *Lord Billingham* for his money's sake. *Lord B.* is a vulgar brute, I'm afraid; in any case *Pamela* is all for young *Prendergast*; but one must be sensible, you know, and money does make a difference, doesn't it? So she becomes *Lady Billingham*; and a year or two later *Prendergast* comes back from South Africa to find that it is *he* who is the real *Lord Billingham* after all. (I got most of this from the "synopsis," which enables you to start the story *now*, so I can't say how it was they overlooked him in the first place.) It would be extremely cruel (you see that, CHARLES?) to talk about it, because *Pamela* would then become plain *Mrs. Stubbs*, and no money at all; so *Prendergast* decides to say nothing to anybody. But he was reckoning without *Mrs. Trevelyan*, no less. *Mrs. Trevelyan* finds out the secret, and threatens *Prendergast* that she will tell everybody that he is the real *Lord Billingham* unless he marries her. So of course he has to.

It is at this moment that we meet *Capt. Pontifax*. *Capt. Pontifax* is in love with *Mrs. Trevelyan*, at least he thinks he is, and he says that if she doesn't marry him he will let on about what happened to *Mr. Trevelyan*, who was supposed to have died of old age. At the same time the news gets out that *Prendergast* is really *Lord Billingham*, and so *Pamela* does become *Mrs. Stubbs*; and as *Prendergast* cannot honourably withdraw from the alliance he is about to contract with *Mrs. Trevelyan*, it looks as though she is going to be *Lady Billingham*. But on the eve of the wedding a body is found at the bottom of the old chalk quarry. . . Whose? . . .

What I want to hear from you, CHARLES is, Do people always get married for this sort of reason? Are you really the Duke of NORFOLK, and did KITTY discover your secret and threaten to disclose it? Oh, you coward! I don't mind anybody

knowing that I am the true Earl BILLINGHAM.

About the body. We shall know to-morrow. I think it's *Capt. Pontifax* myself, but I will send you a telegram.

Are you an authority on dress? A man got into my carriage on the District to-day wearing a top hat, a frock coat, and brown boots. Is that right? I ask it seriously, because the point I want to discover is this: Supposing you suddenly found that you had nothing in the house but brown boots and a frock coat, would a bowler or a topper be the better way out of it?

You see the idea, CHARLES. If you add a bowler then the thing you have to explain away is the coat. I don't quite see how that is to be managed; you could only put it down to absent-mindedness. But if you add a topper then you have only the brown boots to account for. This could be done in a variety of ways. A foggy morning, a sudden attack of colour-blindness, or that your mother asked you to wear the thickest ones, dear, and never mind about the silly fashion. It is an interesting point which has never been dealt with properly in the etiquette books. You and I are agreed upon the topper, it seems.

I went to a play last Tuesday. It was not bad, but the funniest scene happened right at the beginning, when I watched an American buy a seat at the box-office. They gave him J13, and he only discovered it after he had paid for it, and had put his change carefully away. Do you know, CHARLES, he nearly cried. The manager assured him there was nothing in it; people sat there every night, and were heard of again. It was no good. He got his money back, and went away looking quite miserable. Isn't it childish? I am going to be married on Friday, May 13, just to show. When is that? Sickening if it's not for years and years and years. I have a patent calendar somewhere which tells you the date for any year up to 1928. I never know why it should stop there; something to do with the Golden Number getting too big. It won't go backwards either, which is a pity, because I have always wanted to know on what day of the week I was born. Nobody will tell me. It was one of the lucky days, I am sure. How can I find out?

To-morrow.—I have just sent you a telegram to say that it was *Sir Richard Tressider's* body. Strange that you hadn't thought of him. CHARLES, I felt very shy in the Post Office. Yes, about Castle Bump-

brook. She didn't believe there was such a place; I offered to bet. We went through the Telegraph Directory together. Do you know, you come in the Castles, not in the Bumps at all. (Put me among the Bumps.) Something ought to be done about it. I always thought Castle was your Christian name, kind of.

Yes, it was *Sir Richard's* corp. It occurs to me now that you will get this letter a day after the telegram. How did I put it?

"Body believed to be that of *Sir Richard Tressider*. Death certified as by drowning. *Inspector Stockley* suspects foul play."

An eleven-penny touch, CHARLES, and I never signed it, and you'll wonder what on earth it's all about. Probably you will dismiss it as a joke, and that would be elevenpence thrown away. This cannot be allowed. You can get a telegram repeated at half price, can't you? I think I shall go and have a fivepenny ha'penny repeat.

I say, what are you doing about the weather? Are you taking it lying down? I want to sign a petition, or write to my M.P. (haven't got one, then I shall write to yours), humbly showing that it's the rottenest do there's ever been. Do you remember the story (it comes in *Gesta Romanorum*, or should) of the man who built a model of another man and threw things at it, and the other man sat in a bath with a mirror in his hand, and whenever the first man threw he ducked under the water. If he got under in time his enemy missed, and it was all right. Otherwise he was killed. Well, I am going to rig up a Negretti in my room, and throw boots at it, and if the original has to spend all his time in a cold bath, ducking, I think, CHARLES, we shall get some warmer weather soon.

"Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day."

CHARLES, in your courting days was she ever as cold to you as this? Poor old dear! Never mind, it's all right now. Give her my love, and believe me to be always yours, A. A. M.

"To the Editor of THE FINANCIAL TIMES.

Sir,—I notice in your Stock Exchange notices that you say the Committee have been asked to appoint a special settling day in the Golden Links, Ltd., 5 shares of 5s. each, fully paid, Nos. 1 to 5, and 353,190 shares of 5s. each, fully paid, Nos. 6 to 353,195.

I beg to inform you that this announcement is not correct. It should be: 5 shares of 5s. each, fully paid, Nos. 1 to 5, and 353,190 shares of 5s. each, fully paid, Nos. 6 to 353,195."

We strongly advise the editor to stick to his guns and refuse to be browbeaten by anybody.

THE PASSIONATE GOLFER TO HIS LOVE.

DEAREST, it almost breaks my heart
To speak the word that bids us part
For ever past recall.

Were you less charming, had you less
Of that perfection in excess

Which holds my soul in thrall,
I might dismiss you from my mind
At lucid intervals, and find
My eye upon the ball.

Now, when I raise my club to drive
My well-meant efforts seldom thrive,
Your presence seems too near.
No open champion, since the sky
Saw the first shaggy divot fly,
The first bare patch appear,
Could at one time in rapture dwell
On all the charms you wield so well
And also strike the sphere.

So when I'm playing through the
green

The thought of all your grace, my
queen,

Intoxicates like wine.

'Witch'd by your beauty's mute
appeal,

'Stead of the leathern grip, I feel
Your tender hand in mine.

Then if I press, oh, who could blame?
Not Zeno's self, yet all the same
The ball goes off the line.

But, ah! my cup of woe is full

When after socket, slice and pull

Or fatuous half-topped roll,

Forth from the bunkers' grim embrace

With trembling lip and pallid face

At last I near the hole—

Only to find, absorbed in you,
One cannot putt and worship too—

Each needs a single soul!

So we must part; but not all grey
Will be your solitary way,

For though our bonds I snap,

You'll watch as I relinquish fast

Stroke after stroke until at last

I offer you, mayhap,

To dull the pain of parting thus

The privilege of seeing +

Before my handicap!

THE SCHOOL FOR EXPERTS.

Or a new putative Old Master recently discovered in Vienna the gifted Frau HOEGEL, the picture-restorer, who is "a high authority on old paintings," is reported to have said "that the colouring of the hair, eyes, and mouth is conclusive proof that the work is original. While tolerably certain that the painting is a Van Dyck, Frau HOEGEL thinks there is a bare possibility that it may be a Rubens."

There is an agreeable vagueness

**THE RULING PASSION.**

First Examiner. "O CUCKOO, SHALL I CALL THEE BIRD,
OR BUT A WANDERING VOICE?"

Second Examiner. "STATE THE ALTERNATIVE PREFERRED,
WITH REASONS FOR YOUR CHOICE."

here, a having-it-both-ways line of country which makes it easy for anyone to become "a high authority on old paintings."

We may try it ourselves. "Yes, sir, it is certainly an old painting. Look at the dirt and the cracks. At present, since the surface is entirely black, it is hard to say whether it is a Velasquez or a Tintoretto; but both have been dead some years, and both used oils."

Or, of a picture not quite so far gone—"It may of course be a Leonardo, but if not, why should it not be a Luini? They were very much alike. Perhaps Luinardo is the best ascription."

Or, of a bad picture of some age:

"It is not good, we admit, but we advise you to buy it, just to see if there is not a Rembrandt underneath. Mr. HUMPHRY WARD found one the other day, for which a German collector paid thousands of pounds. No English art-critic need ever despair of a market for his finds so long as Germany and America exist; and if our own National Gallery complains, why, let it obtain a worthier grant. Business is business all the world over."

Or, of a modern landscape—"Yes, it is an interesting work. If it is not a Corot, which we are inclined to doubt, it is a Van Hier. In his best and ripest manner too."

DONE INTO ENGLISH.

ACCORDING to "Playgoer" in *The Weekly Dispatch*, "a London manager says that the next time he buys a play on the Continent he will have it done into English at a translation bureau, and that version, polished up a little, will stand every bit as good a chance of catching the public support as a version for which he would have to pay fees."

Of course the London manager is absolutely right; the manners and customs of polite society in England and France have become so similar—especially since the *Entente Cordiale*—that the services of a skilled adapter are now superfluous. In support of this assertion Mr. Punch begs to submit a few specimen extracts from a verbatim translation of a modern comedy by one of the most brilliant and successful of Parisian dramatists.

The scene, it is true, has been changed from Trouville and Deauville to St. Leonards and Bexhill; the names of the characters have been Anglicised, while as many of them as possible have been given titles in order to render the play interesting to a West End audience. But otherwise his translator has faithfully followed the original text:—

ACT I.—A large apartment in Seaview Villa, St. Leonards, occupied by Lord RONALD SHILLINGFORD, and his widowed sister, Lady LAURA STREATLEY.

Lord Ronald (to one of his guests, Sir JOSEPH BRYANT, a Sheffield ironmaster). Whatever may come of it, we will try, dear Sir JOSEPH, not to leave you too bad an impression of our St. Leonards.

Sir Joseph. And I am not sorry, besides, to see what a pleasure-city at the commencement of the twentieth century is like.

Lord R. You have permitted me, have you not, to introduce some of our friends to you presently? We shall have Lord HURSTMONCEUX (to LUCIAN BRYANT, Sir Joseph's son). In fact, HURSTMONCEUX is a schoolfellow of ours. We shall have WELDHAM—steelworks, forges, blast-furnaces, metallurgy—like you.

Lucian (modestly). A hundred times larger!

Lord R. I say, there is one who has a constitution of steel. He is a little good man of nothing at all. Since the death of WELDHAM père he conducts all alone a colossal business, which does not prevent him from enjoying himself.

Sir Joseph. Yes, he is the holiday-making manufacturer, one of the marvels of contemporary industry!

Lord R. Ah, there he is, arriving from the shore with Lady MAINWARING. I was forgetting to tell you that we are dining with Lady MAINWARING, his cousin.

Lady Laura. What will Sir JOSEPH think? She is not only his cousin, she is also his fiancée. She is a charming woman, divorced from Sir HECTOR MAINWARING, who has conducted himself odiously to her.

Lord R. Our other guests are two club friends—WINKWORTH and KENNARD. They are very nice.

Lady Laura. Very nice, but great gossips, and slightly slanderous.

Sir Joseph. That is of no consequence.

(Enter WELDHAM and Lady MAINWARING.)

Lord R. Dear friends!

Weldham. My good SHILLINGFORD!

Lord R. Introductions are unnecessary. Let us effect them in a summary manner. (To Lady M.) Dear Madam, Sir JOSEPH BRYANT, Mr. LUCIAN BRYANT.

Lady Laura (to Mrs. LUCIAN B.). Lady MAINWARING—Mrs. LUCIAN BRYANT.

Lord R. (presenting WELDHAM). Mr. WELDHAM.

Lucian. Sir! (He presses his hand while inclining himself.)

Lord R. (to the Hon. MONTY WINKWORTH and ALGY KENNARD). My dear friends! (Introduces them.)

Monty Winkworth. Madam, Sir.

Kennard (same business, to Lady M.). Dear madam. (WINKWORTH and KENNARD proceed to talk scandal about Lord HURSTMONCEUX.)

Lady Mainwaring (laughing). I do not detest, myself, that one slanders Lord HURSTMONCEUX!

Winkworth (gracefully). You! You are in love with him. It is another thing.

Weldham (to Sir JOSEPH and LUCIAN). Yes, ravished that our friend SHILLINGFORD has placed us in communication. (Enter Lord HURSTMONCEUX.)

Lord Hurstmonceux (going straight to Lady LAURA). Madam, my homage. (He kisses her hand. After being presented to Mrs. LUCIAN, and finding that she has forgotten his having been presented to her on a former occasion.) I regret no longer having passed unperceived, since it procures me the pleasure of recalling that little incident to you.

Lady Laura. Come, gentlemen, let us take a turn in the garden while we are waiting for dinner.

Lord Hurst. At your orders, Madam. (He takes her hand familiarly and places it on his arm.)

[In the next Act the scene is a terrace at Lady MAINWARING's house at Bexhill, close to the sea.]

Weldham (to Lord RONALD). My dear, you will believe me if you like. I have never had any success with women. I proclaim it to my shame. Explain that to me.

Lord R. Perhaps you are too gay.

Weldham. Then, why do the music-hall singers have so much?

Lord R. Because they are dull in private life.

Lady Mainw. (to Lord R. and the BRYANTS). You will take lunch with us?

Weldham. On the yacht, you know. On the yacht!

Lady Mainw. Have you given notice to the Blue Hungarians?

Lord R. Blue Hungarians! In broad daylight?

Weldham. Why not? I wish this affair to be tumultuous. (Music without.) Come. Go ahead. The Hungarians arrive. Do you hear them? They are thawing their fingers. Sir JOSEPH, you are as nice as everything to come to visit my little installation.

Sir Joseph. Tell me, my dear Mr. WELDHAM, are your Blue Hungarians going to accompany us to the yacht? (Enter Blue Hungarians.)

Weldham. Reassure yourself. We are not going to pass through all the crowd with music. And besides, it will be very well, you know. They will applaud our passage like madmen. Bexhill is very gay this year.

[Later.—The Hon. MONTY and ALGY KENNARD have been hinting that Lord H. has made a conquest of Mrs. LUCIAN BRYANT.]

Monty Winkworth (to Lord H. mysteriously). My compliments, dear friend!

Algy. An extra page for my posthumous biography of you!

Lord Hurst. Do you want still another?

Algy. I should think so! Women? No. Duel?

Lord H. Two.

Algy. Two duels? Bravo! Perfect! Admirable! This is the event of the season! And who, without indiscretion, are your adversaries?

Lord H. You!

Algy. Eh?

LESSONS WE MIGHT LEARN FROM THE STAGE.



HOW THE GALLANT YOUNG HERO MIGHT LEAVE HIS ANCESTRAL HOME TO JOIN HIS REGIMENT.



HOW HE DOES.



Bystander. "DID YOU SEE 'OW IT 'APPENED, LADY?"

Fair Motorist. "OH DEAR, NO! I WAS ASLEEP JUST THEN."

Bystander. "AH, THEN YOU 'LL BE ABLE TO PROVE A LULLABY!"

Lord H. You two. Because you commence to bore me, you are two quite disagreeable little boys, and I am tired of your gossip.

Kennard. Is it serious?

Lord H. My witnesses will be WELDHAM and SHILLINGFORD. I wait yours.

Algy (with dignity). That suffices, sir. I am at your orders.

Monty. I the same, sir.

Algy. And enchanted to furnish you so fine an opportunity, my dear musketeer!

Monty (knowingly). It will act very well on the imagination of a certain fair provincial!

Lord H. We will arrange a quarrel to-night at the Pier Pavilion. Now let us go. Pass in front, I pray you.

Algy. After you, sir.

Lord H. I will do nothing of the sort, sir.

Algy. I pray you!

Lord H. But no!

Algy. Then it will be to oblige you. (*Goes out with MONTY, making a thousand politenesses to Lord H.*)

Lord H. (to the conductor of the Blue Hungarians). Now, go on! (*The Hungarians play as the curtain falls.*)

Should the London Manager happen to have purchased this particular French comedy, Mr. Punch's own verbatim Translator will be happy to supply him with the complete English version, polished according to sample, on merely nominal terms. Why pay more?

F. A.

DOMESTICITY.

WHEN JANE was young, her pa and ma considered That woman's mission was to be a wife And (for they never yet in what they did erred) They trained her strictly for domestic life.

She learned the arts of boiling and of baking,
Was taught the way to grill, and stew, and fry,
And had the very daintiest hand at making
A cake, a tart, a pudding, or a pie.

She had that skill to sew and darn which *does* band
The peaceful home in bonds serene and glad;
She 'd all a wife requires—except a husband,
And somehow he was never to be had.

Meanwhile, across the road, at No. 7,
Sweet DOLLY grew neglected all her days;
She 'd sunny hair, and eyes as blue as heaven,
A dimpled smile, and pretty baby ways.

But, ah! she had not one domestic habit,
She could not mend a sock, or bake a tart,
Or even skin an ordinary rabbit—

Her parents simply spoiled her from the start.

But now she 's married; for her useless beauty
Fevered the brow beneath a coronet;
Whilst JANE, expert in every wifely duty,
Lives in a flat, a lonely Suffragette!



A QUESTION OF MASTERY.



Retired Huntsman (who has taken to fishing). "I'LL HAVE TO CHUCK IT, SAM. I THINK THEY'RE ALL T'OTHER SIDE, WHERE I CAN'T REACH 'EM."

New Huntsman (passing with hounds). "HOLD ON A BIT. I'LL SLIP OVER THE BRIDGE, AND TURN 'EM TO YOU!"

WHEN JOVE RULED IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Buscot Park, Monday.—Brought with me for reading in rare leisure time ARTHUR DASENT'S *Life and Letters* of his Uncle, JOHN THADEUS DELANE, sometime Editor of *The Times*, just published by MURRAY. Not given to the average nephew to approach GEORGE TREVELYAN in recording the life of MACAULAY, DASENT has successfully accomplished a task of some delicacy.

DELANE was not only Editor of *The Times* through stirring periods of history. He was the friend, confidant, and counsellor of the men who in Cabinet Council guided the destinies of the Empire. In these latter days *The Times* has added to its staff a gentleman known as Parliamentary Lobbyist, a purveyor of political

notes. For thirty-seven years DELANE was not only Editor of the paper but was its direct medium of political information. Through successive Ministries he occupied a position akin to that of honorary member of the Cabinet. CLARENDON, ABERDEEN, more constantly and intimately PALMERSTON, in personal interviews or in long letters, informed him in fullest detail, not only of the political situation at home and abroad, but of Cabinet intention upon pending issues. In 1852, when the DERBY Administration was being formed, DIZZY, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the Commons, wrote him no fewer than four letters within forty-eight hours. One contained promise of the list of the new Ministry, which, "if it be possible I will send you for a second edition to-morrow." Amongst Premiers an exception in this respect was made in case of Lord JOHN RUSSELL,

whose icy manner is deplored by the biographer. GLADSTONE also habitually refrained from secret intercourse with the powerful Editor.

As far as it affected business in Printing House Square that did not matter, since there were colleagues eager to contribute information. In 1867, when a private meeting of the Liberal Party was held at GLADSTONE'S house to decide on its attitude towards DIZZY'S Reform Bill, DELANE had only to write to four Members in order to secure full narrative of proceedings carried on behind locked doors. Of his correspondents three were C. P. VILLIERS, HENRY BRAND (afterwards Speaker), and BERNAL OSBORNE, a habitual purveyor of political and social news. Lord TORRINGTON, one of the Lords-in-Waiting at Windsor, gloried in the name of "Your Windsor Special." When on duty at the Court he daily wrote to Printing House Square reporting

its tittle-tattle, and what QUEEN VICTORIA said to him in private conversation.

When in 1857 a new Parliament was elected, PALMERSTON consulted DELANE on the choice of Speaker, accepting his designation of EVELYN DENISON. Four years later he offered him Ministerial office, suggesting that he should become Under-Secretary of War. Small wonder that the flattering proposal was declined. To vacate the throne in Printing House Square for an Under-Secretaryship would have been poor promotion.

This was a unique position for a journalist to hold. Its long continuance testified to DELANE's trustworthiness. He never betrayed a confidence. Even more greatly to his honour, his favour was not purchasable by its bestowal. DIZZY's assiduous court to the great man was at an early stage rewarded by the appearance in *The Times* of a review of *Coningsby*, which he "read with pain and astonishment, a review calculated to do the work very great injury." DELANE accepted the favour of contributions by Cabinet Ministers to his news-chest, but he recognised that the power and influence of *The Times* were based upon the foundations of public spirit, concern for national interest, and absolute impartiality in dealing with statesmen. PALMERSTON was his personal friend and his hero. But if he differed from him on matters of public policy he did not hesitate to state his views in the rolling periods of a leading article.

There were two institutions whose welfare lay close to the heart of DELANE. First came *The Times*, next the British Empire. In his own mind doubtless the interests were identical. He served them both with unflinching loyalty, unflagging labour, making and maintaining the position of a morning newspaper at a height of power never before reached or since paralleled.

THE ABATEMENT OF NUISANCES.

THERE are three of us. I am the writer, she is the pianist next door, and you are merely the reader. At the present moment I am beginning to compose a learned dissertation upon "Abatement of Nuisances, The;" she is warming to her work on the piano; and you. . . . But who cares twopence about the mere reader? Mr. Reader—Miss Pianist: Miss Pianist—Mr. Reader. Now I think we all know each other well enough to be getting on with the dis-

sertation, and therefore, as I said before,

THE ABATEMENT OF NUISANCES.

The . . .

But just half a minute. Do you not think that if she could only be brought to knock off 99 h.p. from the right hand and to omit the left hand altogether, there would be more chance for us? If we could get her to reduce the clamour, at any rate within limits, we might have the pleasure of writing, and. . . thank you. . . the pleasure of reading some very pertinent and entertaining remarks about nuisances and their abatement. But will she do it?

I, knowing the woman, think not; but let us try:—

Letter from interrupted Journalist (male) to active Pianist (female), No. 1:—

"MADAM,—Devoted admirer of the piano though I am, I yet think that it should be used rather as a medium of intellectual diversion than as a form of physical exercise. The hands are generally used for the manipulation of the keys, the feet only under peculiar and unfortunate circumstances. At any rate, if you will forgive my saying so, you are technically incorrect in using both at the same time."

THE ABATEMENT OF NUISANCES.

The late Lord of the Rolls, a boon companion of the Author,

There! I said she wouldn't.

Letter from irritated Journalist (male) to energetic Pianist (female), No. 2:—

"MADAM,—The idea of simultaneously employing both hands, both feet and the nose, in furtherance of the sacred art of pianoforte music has all the merit and charm of originality. But can the occupation be a healthy one?"

in one of his rare but very lucid intervals said to him that an instructive and amusing brochure might well be written round this fascinating

Just listen to the woman!

Letter from weary Journalist (male) to hyper-energetic Pianist (female), No. 3:—

"MADAM,—You are indeed lucky in having so sturdy and so willing a maid to help you, but let me remind you of the importance of her confining her operations to the bottom octave. You cannot watch her too closely (if your present position admits of your watching her at all), for should she in a moment of æsthetic passion stray higher up the keyboard, she must certainly inconveni-

ence your left foot, and possibly damage a delicate and irreplaceable coal-hammer."

subject.

Our first effort should be to define a nuisance, and it would be hard, we think, to find a definition more compendious yet accurate than the following, being as it is our own:—A nuisance, it has been well said, is a d--d nuisance.

So far, so good. To define abatement, however,

Would you have thought it was humanly possible?

Letter from desperate Journalist (male) to rampant Pianist (female), No. 4:—

"MADAM,—I apologise for the affront I have put upon you. I did not know, but should have guessed that you had two maids and two coal-hammers. Is there no hope?"

is not so easy. Properly to deal with this topic would be to discuss nearly every known form of tort and crime. Indeed the pastime of nuisance-abating is far from being an innocent one, involving as it does at the least Trespass against the property of the Individual, Housebreaking, Window-smashing, Unusual Language, and the Infliction of Grievous Bodily Harm upon the King's Subjects. Nevertheless there are times. . . .

Letter from insane Journalist (male) to insane Pianist (female), No. 5 and last:—

"MADAM,—When I appear before the magistrate may I rely upon you as the principal witness for the defence?"

P.S.—I shall plead guilty to every charge with a strong recommendation to mercy."

* * * * *

[At this point, I am informed by the Police, the author. . . . But why go into the sordid details?—Ed.]

Lest we Forget.

"Florence Lady N. has let her house to Mrs. J. H. S., who is a sister of Mrs. D. If she likes the house it is quite possible she may purchase it at the end of her year's tenancy."

The Observer.

To think that we have remained in seclusion for weeks trying to put the elephant together, and never knew that in the outer world things like this were going on!

"This," remarks the *Lokalanzeiger*, "means an extraordinary advance in war readiness of our fleet for such prolonged repairs as have, for instance, been carried out in dry dock, five of which has been four months out of use, are not to be feared in the case of floating docks."

Daily Telegraph.

It probably looked better in the original German, and the sub-editor should have left it there.

THE GREAT UNSEATED.



IN THE WILD (NORTH-)WEST.
"I am in search of a safe seat."—Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.



HARLEQUIN WINSTON.



"A FIST-CLASS FIGHTIN' MAN."



"PRINCE CHURCHILL'S FAREWELL."
"Farewell, Manchester! Fickle town, farewell!"

AMERICA IN LONDON.

The College Widow, a comedy of American 'Varsity life, is given nightly in the original American at the Adelphi Theatre. It is a glorious entertainment for everybody; for, if you are a native, you appreciate Mr. GEORGE ADE'S humour, and, if you are a Britisher, you are delighted by the novelty of the *mise-en-scène*. When Mr. MICHAEL MORTON or Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY has "adapted" it into English (I am sure one of them must) the story will run as follows:—

Act I.—The beginning of the Lent Term at Cambridge. Mr. Muttletbury is in despair, for the boat is in a hopeless condition. Oxford is bound to win. While he is discussing the situation with various undergrads in the Trinity Great Court, Bolton, an English millionaire, comes along. He offers to bet a thousand pounds that Oxford will win, and mentions that his son Billy, the famous stroke, is just going up. The bet is taken; Billy himself appears on his way to Oxford in charge of a tutor; whereupon Mr. Muttletbury conceives the idea of kidnapping him. The prettiest Girton girl is asked to flirt with him, in the hopes that her fascinations will induce him to remain at Cambridge. She consents.

Act II.—Lord Rayleigh's monthly dance at Cambridge, dress optional. The Chancellor addresses the undergraduates, and hopes they'll have a jolly evening. The undergraduates all shake hands with each other. Jane Witherspoon, the Girton girl, gives Billy several dances, and persuades him to stay on at Cambridge. Billy announces to Mr. Muttletbury his readiness to occupy the stroke thwart if required. "Cambridge! Cambridge! Cambridge! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Act III.—Putney. Lord Rayleigh addresses the crew. Billy frantically in love with Jane, and ready for anything. Jane asks him not to strain himself. He laughs at the idea, and says that he has often rowed before for Durham v. Manchester. "They're off!" Mr. Muttletbury frightfully keen, but not quite sure whether he'll watch them, or stay and remonstrate with Jane for leading Billy on. Billy is rowing like a demon. "Now then, boys, give 'em ten." Hooray! Cambridge wins! "Bolton! Bolton! Bolton! Rah! Rah! Rah!" Oh lor', here's his father!

"My son's in the wrong boat! Help!"

Act IV.—The celebrations at Cambridge. Billy decides to chuck row-

ing and marry Jane. He forgives her for her share in the kidnapping. Old Mr. Bolton pays up his thousand pounds and forgives Billy. Lord Rayleigh forgives everybody. Curtain.

So you see what jolly good fun it all is. If anybody says it isn't we will drink his bad health. With musical honours, gentlemen, please.

"For he's a squab and a pin-head,
For he's a squab and a pin-head,
For he's a squab and a web-footed rube,
And so say all of us.

It's a way we have at Atwater,
It's a way we have at Bingham,
(Both American 'Varsities),
Which nobody can deny."

M.

THE BLIGHTED BLOSSOM.

[An exposition of the hidebound pedantry of our public schools.]

A ERAIN of more than usual promise
Was that of CHARLES AUGUSTUS
BROWN,
Though frequently less gifted
TOMMIES
By dint of toiling took him down.

With yawns he hardly strove to stifle
He watched his fellow-victims
packed
With Education's crudest trifle,
The bare unnecessary fact.

Not such the road that Culture
chooses:
The sapient child was unimpressed,
And communed singly with the
Muses
Beneath his flannel undervest.

Not his the finger-end performance,
The mugging-up of date and name!
He brooded idly on the Normans,
But cared not when the Conqueror
came.

If 2 + 2 was set to shatter
A brain with theorems alive,
Contemptuous of a pedant's patter
He put the answer down as 5.

'Twas much the same with CHARLES
Latin,
He lived among the shadowy dead;
But substantives the form were pat in
Got jumbled up inside his head.

And so each morn he failed in
grammar;
Each morn, since there was none
to tell
The tokens of internal glamour,
He got his trousers warmed as well.

Till finally the Head, a dullard
Whose mental vision, bleared and
slow,

The beautiful had never coloured,
Requested CHARLES to pack and go.

Once more a genius frustrated!

Once more (for mere routine too
big)

A mind Minerva had inflated
Went pop like an elastic pig.

And now!—his youthful dreams for-
gotten,
Diverted from a brilliant bent,
AUGUSTUS BROWN is broking cotton—
And seems remarkably content.

ART.

(A glossary for the opening of the R.A.)

An Artist is a person who paints what
he thinks he sees.

An Amateur is a person who thinks
he paints what he sees.

An Impressionist is a person who
paints what other people think he
sees.

A Popular Artist is a person who
paints what other people think they
see.

A Successful Artist is a person who
paints what he thinks other people
see.

A Great Artist is a person who paints
what other people see they think.

A Failure is a person who sees what
other people think they paint.

A Portraitist is a person who paints
what other people don't think he
sees.

A Landscape Painter is a person who
doesn't paint what other people
see.

A Realist is a person who sees what
other people don't paint.

An Idealist is a person who paints
what other people don't see.

The Hanging Committee are people
who don't see what other people
think they paint.

A Royal Academician is a person who
doesn't think and paints what
other people see.

A Genius is a person who doesn't see
and paints what other people don't
think.

A Critic is a person who doesn't
paint and thinks what other
people don't see.

The Public are people who don't see
or think what other people don't
paint.

A Dealer is a person that sees that
people who paint don't think, and
who thinks that people who don't
paint don't see. He sees people
who don't see people who paint;
he thinks that people who paint
don't see people who see; and he
sees what people who don't paint
think.

FINALLY,

A Reader is a person whose head
swims.

"AUTOBIOGRAPHIES UNLIMITED."

SUCH being the success that is anticipated from the *Life Story of the Arch-foreheadist*, now beginning in *T.A.P.*, with the following chapter heading as a start:—

WHY I WROTE THIS STORY.

A CHILD'S FIRST VIEW OF THE WORLD.

MY FIRST NIGHT AWAY FROM HOME.

MY FIRST NICKNAME.

THE CHARM OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

WHY THE MANX PEOPLE QUICKLY QUARREL.

WRECKERS AND SMUGGLERS.

—a money-making syndicate, known as "Autobiographies, Unlimited," has been quickly formed, on the strictly imitative modern principle, to do what it can to reap in *T.A.P.*'s fields, this being a recognised form of commercial enterprise.

The directors have pleasure in announcing that they are arranging for a number of life stories of illustrious personages, the author of each one of which will lay bare his (or her) great heart, tell of the lonely early days and the impressions gathered by the eyes of a child resting on the world, and ultimately reach the large and lasting figures in literature and in history with whom he (or she) has been on terms of intimacy.

Subjoined is a list of the principal autobiographies, with the titles of some of their chapters:—

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL:—

My first pseudonym.

My second pseudonym.

My only night away from home.

The charm of "My Father." (2s. net).

T. P.:—

How I earned my butter-woman's right to market.

Why I was called Tay Pay.

How I came to take up journalism.

The art of making papers pay oneself.

The charm of my Alma Mater.

Dr. C. W. SALEEBY:—

Why I never cease from writing.

The egg of my grandmother, and how I taught her to suck it.

How I learned everything.

What it feels like to know all.

Miss MARIE CORELLI:—

Why I settled at Stratford-on-Avon.

My love of Flowers.

Why women novelists never quarrel.

How I learned never to advertise.

Why there is no Hall in my house.



Aunty. "TOMMY, I PUT THREE PIES IN HERE YESTERDAY, AND NOW THERE IS ONLY ONE. HOW IS THAT?"

Tommy. "PLEASE, IT WAS SO DARK, AUNTY, I DIDN'T SEE THAT ONE!"

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

The building of the cradle.

My first paradox.

The charm of a magnum.

Breaking the scales.

Why I did not become a dancer.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON:—

A child's first letter to the papers.

My first Funeral March.

The charm of Kensal Green.

The witchery of Woking.

The fascination of Père-la-Chaise.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL:—

My first day at Harrow,

The charm of JOYNSON-HICKS.

The tragedy of being a Tory M.P.

Why I became a Radical.

The advantages of a clever mother.

How I left Manchester.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW:—

"Dirty Dublin" in the sixties.

Why I ran away to England.

My first and last mutton chop.

How I discovered BARKER.

Why I dropped the name of GEORGE.

I interview myself for the 1,000th time.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHAT they want on *Isle Raven* is a mat. A large mat and a qualified referee. No self-respecting native of this extraordinary spot can meet a fellow-islander, or for that matter a harmless visitor from the mainland either, without instantly closing with him (or her) in a silent death-struggle. The story (written by OWEN VAUGHAN and published by DUCKWORTH) rages and seethes round the claim to possession of this modern Coreyra, where law is of no avail and policemen would be murdered at sight. The islanders are of *Black Matthew's* brood, and they raven, it appears, in the year 1902 as they ravened in the time of Prince RUPERT (who gave the place to their ancestor). Their eyes flush red and their foreheads grow purple on the slightest provocation, and sometimes, so far as the reader can perceive, on none at all. Nor does the author's style fall short of the passions of his characters.

Incoherent sentences abound, and the *nominativus pendens* is as common as the beetling brow; yet there is a kind of wild poetry which carries us violently over the most rocky places. The book opens with the incident of a motor-smash caused by one of the claimants, who calmly drives a "beam-and-spike" harrow across the roadway to intercept a car arriving some forty miles an hour above the speed-limit; but the ferocity of this encounter is nothing to that of the duel of boats later on, during which *Kate Séléfant* is hurled about like a diabolo spool. A lady writing to one of the morning papers recently wished to hear of some really "sociable and lively" place to live in on the south coast of England: let me recommend *Isle Raven*.

To golfers who have long emerged
From dufferdom's domain,
Yet are by keen ambition urged
To reach a higher plane,

No better book can *Punch* commend
To realise that aim
Than that which JAMIE BRAID has penned
Upon the Royal Game.

He tells you in this handsome book
How to impart at will
A slice or a judicious hook
Unto the wayward "pill."

You'll learn how stymies may be dodged
By lofting or by screwing;
How bunkered balls may be dislodged,
His sage advice pursuing.

He shows by diagrams galore
How to control your swing,
And how the freakish rubber-core
Behaves when on the wing.

In short, all golfers who aspire
To reach the highest grade,
Should buy or borrow, steal or hire
The work of JAMIE BRAID.

P.S.—*Advanced Golf* is the title
Of this delectable recital,
Published quite recently at ten-
And-six by Messrs. METHUEN.

The heroines of Mrs. CONYERS' clever sporting novel *Three Girls and a Hermit* (HUTCHINSON) seem to me to have points in common with their hunters. *Miss Moira Considine*, like her horse *The Star*, was inclined to take the bit between her teeth and bolt. *Eva* bore a resemblance to *Gog*—a sur-

prisingly unenterprising animal—while *Kathleen's* hunter was of an independent frame of mind, and determined to be "in at the finish." In justice let me add that the *Misses Considine* had many charming qualities which were conspicuously lacking in their horses. Owing to *Miss Moira's* desire to hunt foxes, and—if the truth must be told—husbands as well, the *Considines* left the remote corner of Kerry, where they had been brought up, and descended upon the small town of Ballydare. They made, however, a false start, for on their first appearance in the town they succeeded in getting themselves mis-

taken for the *Sisters Gillespie*, who were performing in a circus. The eyebrows of half the country had disappeared before *The Hermit* arrived to rescue his friends, and to marry one of them. The tale is humorously told, and Mrs. CONYERS has the gift of creating an atmosphere of health and fresh air which is delightful to breathe. But when the author writes of "great names" it would be more complimentary to spell them correctly. TREE, WYNDHAM, BOUCHIER (sic). I recommend *Three Girls and a Hermit* to everyone, with the possible exception of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

From an advertisement in *The Daily Telegraph*:

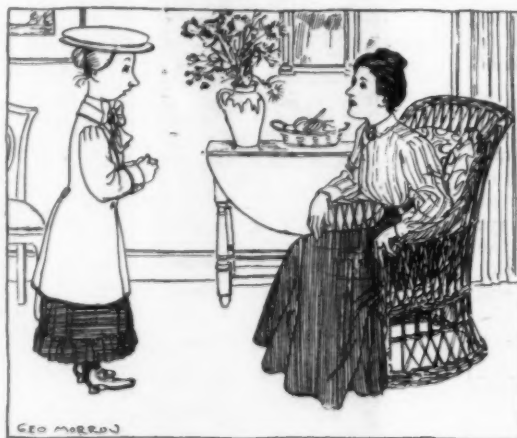
"New Song

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE (in the Press), by Mr. R. O., at Gloucester." Having some experience of photographic reproductions in the ha'penny press we should say that it was a pathetic song.

"Lost, from Hutton Roof, BLACKFACED EWE, M.A."

Westmoreland Gazette.

We remember Mr. EWE at Cambridge very well, in fact we took our degrees in the same year. Even in those days he was absent-minded.



AN UNFORTUNATE MISUNDERSTANDING.

"I HAD TO LEAVE MY LAST SITUATION BECAUSE THE MISSUS SAID THEY WERE GOING TO LEAD THE SINFUL LIFE, AND THEY WOULDN'T WANT ANY SERVANTS ABOUT THE PLACE."